

**GLAD  
HAND**

The



**BUNTING  
RODGERS**

Vol. 1, No. 10

BALTIMORE, MD., MARCH 26, 1928

Loyola College

## CAMPUS CLIPPINGS

J. A. M.

In the lives of all of us, there exists at least one regret. The Editor of Campus Clippings regrets that he has but one body, and that perforce is not capable of bilocation. Events as they happen and are brought to the notice of this columnist are chronicled here, and if any one class seems to predominate, well—

We will be glad when the professional body is back 100 per cent. Then we will know just what time to get up in the morning.

The new athletic director comes with quite a reputation. He answers "present" to the name of "Tony Comerford." Wrote to the publication of his Alma Mater for some advance information, but nothing seems forthcoming.

Pat Miller left this week to again join hands with Stanley Cofall, at Wake Forest. Good luck, Pat.

Child's comment on an incident during the demonstration by the Venetian Glass Blowers: "He gave me a glass duck filled with water, and told me to blow into the stem. I took a deep breath (aimed at the assembly before me—Ed's note) and blew; but, you know, that water came right back in my face. I think that duck had something in the back of its head." It did—a hole.

There has been more interest shown in the pool tournament than in anything since Loyola's last show.

Kunkel still has an ever-never depressing, yet elevating, mountainous ant-hill size difficulty concerning "last Sunday's gospel."

Wee Willie Rob is complaining of fallen arches, and wants to know what to do about it.

May we suggest that class begin at 9:05?

Quite a few of the students are interested in the Loyola Guild. You can rest assured that they have stellar ambitions, to hear them talk over chances of cornering the star parts in the Guild's next production, the Gilbert and Sullivan comic opera, "Pirates of Penzance." Joe Moran is tuning up for one of those *basso profundo* roles, we hear.

Joseph Broening, B. S. student, was badly burnt, when overheated enthusiasm caused explosion of chemicals which he was mixing in a mortar. Father Schmitt rendered first aid, but it was deemed advisable to have professional attention. Result:—Lots of bandages, liniment, false impressions ('tis a fist that wears the top dressing) and good resolutions.

## SPEAKERS CHOSEN FOR ORATORICAL CONTEST

The first move in Loyola's bid for oratorical laurels was made last Wednesday, when the preliminaries were held to decide Loyola's representative in the National Oratorical Contest. About 20 students entered, well in advance of the date set for final application, March 15th.

Father Wiesel, Rector, and Father Ayd, Dean, were the judges for the preliminaries. Of the speakers in the semi-finals the following won the right to participate in the finals: Enright, O'Brien, and Wasilifski, of Senior; Sybert, of Junior; Wills, of Sophomore; and Cannon and Meyer of Freshman.

Our best wishes for success go to the final winner. Who he will be is to be decided Friday evening, the 30th. Father Whalen, who is in charge of the affair, has arranged to hold a final selection on that evening. He invites the students and their friends to attend this final contest, which is to take place at 8 o'clock P. M., in the Assembly Room of the Science Building. The main feature of the evening will be augmented by musical selections played by a group of college musicians.

## STUDENT COUNCIL ADOPTS CONSTITUTION

The newly organized Student Council has put the finishing touches to its code. At a meeting, held Thursday the 22nd, a Constitution was adopted. This document, prepared in the main by the President of the Senior Class, who is also President of the Council, had been considered privately by each member of the Council prior to the meeting. It was accepted with but slight alterations.

## FATHER HACKER ILL

Father Hacker has been ill for the last two weeks at Bon Secours Hospital. Many an inquiry has reached the book store about him, and where he is to be seen.

A tribute to his zealous work in school affairs is shown in the faithfulness with which his budding musicians rehearse. Despite his absence, the Kreislers play on in deep earnestness: no cessation from practice for them.

We are anxious to have Father Hacker back with us, and wish him a speedy recovery.

## Senior Wins Billiard Tournament

The tournament which for the past few weeks has held the interest of the students was brought to a close Wednesday afternoon, the 21st. Matalis and Kane were the rivals at the finish. The Senior took his cue from Dame Fortune herself, and won over his opponent by sixteen points.

Sixteen cue experts started in the tournament, which was arranged by Mr. Ryan.

It was incorrectly stated in the last issue of the GREYHOUND that the New Library is the gift of Mr. George C. Jenkins. We should have said that the new building is the gift of Mr. Jenkins and his late wife, Mrs. Catherine Jenkins. The GREYHOUND regrets the error.

## Sociology Class Visits Penitentiary

### Father Ayd Conducts Tour

Tuesday, March 20th, several automobiles stopped before the imposing structure on Eager Street, reminiscent of some middle age fortress. They were not patrols, nor were the travelers that alighted from them shackled to guards and detectives. 'Twas just the first select set of members of the Sociology Class starting out on a tour of Baltimore's penal institutions.

Father Ayd, Dean, and Professor of Sociology, won for his score of charges honorable entrance to the Maryland Penitentiary, an introduction to Warden Brady, and the kind services of Mr. O'Donnell, a guard, who led the party through the institution. The students were impressed—it is their own admission—at the general neatness and other marks of efficient management and discipline that obtains at the institution.

A tour of the various plants there in operation proved exceedingly interesting, especially the printing plant and that where automobile license plates are made. Incidentally, Governor Ritchie will sport blue numerals on a white background next year. His tags hang over a doorway leading into this section of the factories.

A visit to the City Jail completed the tour. The marked contrast between the behavior of the inmates of the Penitentiary and the Jail did not pass unnoticed. The students on tour lost something of their air of depression and dampened spirits, assumed the influence of silence so noticeable in the Pen, and encouraged perhaps by the signs of less restrained life in the jail, the young sociologists became themselves again.

*Continued on Page 4, Col. 2*

## FORMER LOYOLA STAR TO AID IN BASEBALL

Several years ago, those of us nearing the end of our college days, cheered lustily for a dapper star of the gridiron, basketball court, and diamond. This same star, who has known what it is to share the honors of championship quints, comes back to us in a new guise.

Jim Lacy, of the class of '26, the star under discussion, was reported to have signed up as baseball coach. However, Jim states that his time is quite taken up with his business, and that he cannot devote his time to coaching. He will, however, be only too glad to act as adviser. Even in that capacity he can do much.

## THE PROM IS ON!

Though Lent is still very much with us, the spirit of the dance hovers in the distance. Something of a *revenant*, this spirit returns once a year and is easily recognized as that of "Junior Prom." Little Junior will be three years old this time, with fair promise of adding birthdays without a miss for years and years to come.

In this wise did the Junior Class announce its intentions with regard to this annual affair:

Call her, write or send a telegram before it is too late, and make that date for May 4th.

The Junior Prom of 1928 is taking definite shape. So that nobody's evening would be spoiled, the Hagerstown Almanac has been consulted for the weather forecast—it reads, fair and warmer—and for the state of the moon,—it is assured that 'twill be full.

It should be by no means necessary to prepare articles for the GREYHOUND pertaining to this matter, or to distribute lavishly placards heralding the event to arouse interest in this gala dance. However, you may expect from time to time a bit of news setting forth the progress made, so that you may talk up the dance among your friends, and—know just what you are talking about.

## THE ANNUAL PROGRESSES

It was a jolly set that cut class one Wednesday morning without any qualms of conscience, to pose for class pictures. It was a set with minds definitely put at ease on the point of an Annual and its chances of being published. There is not another skeptic to be found in the school.

The work is going along smoothly. With a most efficient Business Manager ever on the job, the wherewithal that grants or forbids materializing dreams accumulates and accumulates. One source of revenue must now be called into play: that is, the payment of subscriptions to the Annual. March 30th has been set as the final day for payment. If you want to be sure of getting your Annual, see that your "received payment" slip is in your hands by that day.

An invitation to ambitious writers was made in a previous issue. The invitation will hold good for only a little while longer. The end of March will decide its withdrawal. Remember that Annuals are cherished; remember that your youthful efforts at writing may afford you happy moments in more mature years; remember that your classmates in future years may have but an Annual or two by which to keep you in mind. If you have a facile pen, you owe it to your future self to keep some record of its capers or its musings. An Annual shows you how, and helps you, too.



## The Greyhound

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No. 10

### A Nation-wide Alumni Association

A recent issue of America discusses our Catholic Alumni. Considering the qualifying adjective, and the position of the institution for which it stands, the writer prefaces his remarks with the statement that Catholicism is on trial in the United States. He shows that Catholic alumni are criticised for not being as conspicuous, either individually or in groups, in state and national affairs as they should be. The critics, he adds, ask for the fruits of Catholic college training. He himself points out that the fault lies in that our Catholic institutions of learning are but loosely welded among themselves, and that alumni are too prone to drift away from their Alma Maters.

That being the situation, the National Catholic Alumni Federation was organized to remedy matters, and to help Catholic higher education to come to the fore. The good done by this organization is something like inestimable: it has aided the establishment of active alumni bodies throughout the country and has breathed new life into others that were crumbling away. These two achievements are master plays in the general work.

In this organization more than half the Catholic college alumni associations of the country are interested. Among the other fraction not listed as members is our own alumni association. Our alumni may have their reason for not joining as a body; that, however, is no serious bar to individual membership. The Federation stresses the fact that any Catholic alumnus is eligible for membership, and it welcomes such membership.

The 1928 convention of the Federation is to be held at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, New York City, on April 20, 21 and 22. Now, the big city is not without its share of Loyola alumni. We would, therefore, urge our alumni so near to the scene of the Federation's activities to take an interest in this movement. Through them may be attained representation for their Alma Mater. There is everything to be gained from entrance into such an organization as this, and the more colleges there are represented the more and better work can the Federation accomplish.

We hope that some of our alumni in New York will give this matter their earnest attention. Far from the home association, they cannot take as personal an interest in it as they otherwise might, but they can well compensate for it by being its representatives elsewhere, as in the Federation. They can send home, as it were, "the ideals, inspirations and lessons of the convention, to be put into practical effect afterwards."

Let us hear the glad word that some of our New York alumni have attended the convention.

### The New Captains

To the newly elected captains, Bunting of football, and Rodgers of basketball, our sincerest congratulations.

We repeat that the vote which accorded them their positions of honor expresses the general sentiment of the student body. The task that lies before them is one that calls for winning back the confidence that the bad breaks of the last football and basketball seasons had stolen away. Well equipped are they for the work, for they are brimful of the spirit of "out-to-win," that magnetic trait of leadership which stirs up flagging toilers after slim chances of victory. The fact that they were chosen for such a task gives ample proof of the value placed upon them as the star of stars among our athletes.

### Spring

Howsoever and to whatever direction a young man's fancy may turn in springtime, the new found spirit of freedom coming so quickly on the heels of winter may tempt him to chafe at duty, and drop the little burdens he has, or at best shift them to other shoulders. This is because spring is the time for dreaming, of reverie manufactured at will, and you can't fly fancy free with leaden weights on your feet.

Now there's a reason for these statements about the poetic vernal season: we want to urge you not to "let George do it all". To keep you from questioning our sincerity, here are the brass tacks. The Seniors have their Annual, the Juniors have their Prom. An Annual means work, and a Prom means work; a good Annual, and a good Prom mean work and more of it. Get behind your Annual, Seniors; get behind your Prom, Juniors! Don't

shift the work to the shoulders of a few. The work is more enjoyable when you all work together—take it from one who knows.

Where do the Sophs and the Freshies come in? Well, it's a variation of the pay the fiddler story. For them, say we, let the uppers play (and incidentally pay), and let the lower classes help to pay. It isn't unfair, for a few years hence they will sing the same tune to other Sophs and Freshies.

So, all together! quit dreaming now, and you can enjoy a dream of a Prom, and in springtimes to come commune in reverie with the springtime when you worked for a dream of an Annual.

### Too Much

It is wonderful to know what stars are made of, and to understand that there is no green cheese in the moon's makeup; 'tis praiseworthy to be able to recite the chemical formulae for the composition of a rose—you will never succeed in making a rose, and you'll not add to the number of stars, but that is of little moment.

The harm, if any there is, comes from analyzing too much the world about us. Too intimate acquaintance sometimes takes away the charm of acquaintanceship. Getting to know too much about a thing may make you cease to marvel at its wonders. A watch dismembered is not the marvelous mechanism whose tiny wheels conspire to tick the hours away. A symphony in diagram is not the broad sweep of harmony that lifts you from the din of life to the awesome sublime. With many things, break them up into their component parts and their attractiveness is irrevocably lost.

There is much credit due to striving after more and more knowledge, but perhaps it is a wise thing to turn aside from complete investigation of many things. So long as there is something which we know but do not understand, so long can we muse upon its marvels, feel the charm of its mysteries, be exalted by its poetry, and the greater becomes our chance of giving and taking with our fellowman, wherein we learn charity.

### FROM A SCRAPBOOK

Nature hath no place outside of herself to cast rubbish. Herein is the marvel of her art, that, being thus circumscribed, she transmutes into herself all within herself that seems corrupt, old, or useless, and from these very things creates what is new. Thus she neither needs new material from without, nor a place to cast refuse. She has all she requires in her own substance, her own space and her own skill.

—Marcus Aurelius.

He who knows the most; he who knows what sweets and virtues are in the ground, the waters, the plants, the heavens, and how to come at these enchantments, is the rich and royal man.—Emerson.

### Patience

Noble deeds are held in honor  
But the wide world sorely needs  
Hearts of patience to unravel

This—the worth of common  
deeds.

—Stedman.

There is no man that imparteth his joys to his friend, but he joyeth the more; and no man that imparteth his griefs to his friend, but he grieveth the less.—Lord Bacon.

## THE BOOKWORM

By J. A. K., '29

O Tempora! O Mores! Ye are ever changing. Once again St. Patrick has come into his own and left. We very distinctly recall how St. Patrick's Day used to be spent. But we foresee with no little feeling how it will be celebrated when prohibition goes into effect. The sons of Erin will be sober and sad. But they will always have Donn Byrne to write of their splendor and valor. This should certainly console them even though their whistles are dry. His latest attempt and a splendid one is called "Crusade."

Brian Oswald Donn Byrne is one of the most popular of Irish novelists. He was born on November 20, 1899, in Forkhill County Armagh, Ireland. After graduating from Dublin University he immediately began writing novels about his countrymen. His main characters always are distinguished by the familiar "O" and "Mc."

In "Crusade" the author has accomplished a deed of which any of his native people could be proud. He has established without fear of contradiction a much-heralded fact—the fighting of the Irish in the Crusades. The hero of the story is Sir Miles O'Neill, a valorous knight who was made homeless and penniless by his Norman mother and her relatives. This turned Miles to the Crusades and he joined a band sent against the Saracens. And how that Irishman could fight! He made many a one of that army of marauders cry: "I'd walk a mile for a camel." His prowess of battle made him an idol. He was even treated respectfully when captured by the Saracens. After being released he went down to Jerusalem, and joined the Templars. The treachery of the Crusaders, the heat and sweat and grime, the terror of Jerusalem made him long for his happy captivity. His revolt and return puts a clever turn to the story.

The style of the story is luxurious in its abundance of fine words and figures of speech. One can see that the possibilities of the theme are practically inexhaustible and with Donn Byrne's ability added the result is one of the best stories of the year. This book will last until "The Wearin' of the Green" becomes the Bolshevik national anthem.

### TO LEUCONOE

No, no, Leuconoe, seek not the fate  
to con

For thee and me the spinning  
Three ordain;

Duet thy thoughts no more with  
runes of Babylon:

'Twere better we their duping art  
disdain.

Contented, with the morrow's hours  
let's count her deeds:

Does Heaven's sire decree a bound-  
teous score

Or deem the end this winter's icy  
death, which reads

Its knell upon the Tyrrhene-  
chisel'd shore.

Be wisdom's daughter; strain a  
sparkle to thy wine;

With humble hours thy vagrant  
hopes in-rein:

The flight of envious time our liv-  
ing words define.

Then fete Today; trust not the  
Morrow's train.

—Horace I, xi.



## SPORTS



### Bunting Elected Football Captain

The letter-men of the College Football team convened in the Athletic office on Friday the 16th to proceed with the election of Captain for the season of 1928. After much deliberation and careful consideration, the squad came to a decision which expresses the sentiment of the entire student body.

Mr. William Bunting, at present a member of the Junior Class, who has served in the capacity of regular tackle for the past three seasons, and that most creditably, was voted to the envied position.

The GREYHOUND takes this opportunity to wish Captain Bunting a glorious season. We feel sure that he will in generous measure fulfil our every hope, and that the confidence placed in him will reap more than simple vindication.

### ABOUT THE NEW COACH

Attempts to get definite information about our new football coach were somewhat unsuccessful. We have been able, however, to gather a few points about him. Mr. Comerford was coach of the Freshman team at Fordham last season. This team was a topnotcher among the teams of its kind in the East, one that was never scored on by any opponent.

About himself and his achievements we've discovered a few items. The new mentor is a graduate of Boston College. For four years he played end and starred in that position. He was also a star basketball player and third baseman in baseball.

Another bit of information which has just trickled in is that Mr. Comerford was coach at an Academy in Newberryport, famous of the scene of Bossy Gillis' activities in his official capacity of Mayor.

### Greyhounds Priming for Diamond Campaign

With spring playing her cards a few weeks before her official arrival, the old baseball bug has found its way onto the campus at Evergreen. Every newspaper in town flashing headlines of major league activities in the southland has not aroused any envy towards the lucky sluggers, but has rather added zest to spring training just south of the Evergreen Gym.

The Greyhounds, holding as they do a high place in state intercollegiate circles, will again make a bid for the baseball crown. Those remaining from last year's squad will form a very good nucleus for the fast and

smart team to which we look for this high bid.

The call for battery men was heard about the first of March. As only indoor sessions were in order, no line could be gotten on the worth of the respective pitchers and catchers. These sessions were merely called for limbering up purposes, the first call for outside work, hardly a week ago, showed great promise. Of the pitchers who reported we have again our two dependables, Frank Schap and Harry Child. On these two men our fairest of hopes are pinned. Among the newcomers in this line are Cannon, of football fame, Kemp, Feeney, and McFarland.

The catching department is faced with the hardest task, since the first string receivers of last season are no longer at school. Hank Delea, sub-catcher of last year, is back of the mask. He will have to fight out the job with Childres, Dickey Schmidt, and Connelly.

Our infield of last year will come into play almost intact, with the return of Tanton, Captain Enright, and Kane. The Freshies have sent us Bill Liston, Utz Twardowicz, and Bunn, all Loyola High men, the last of whom was picked on the All-Maryland Schoolboy Baseball Team.

The problem of the outfield will be taken care of by Healy and Child who will alternate in the field when not pitching. Monahan, Bunting, and O'Donnell will come in for a share of interest in the proposition.

With this squad fighting for position, the Greyhounds should show a hot pace this coming season.

To the schedule which was released in our last issue should be added a return game with the Green Terrors, to be played at Westminster, probably on the 14th of May. The trip this year will carry the Greyhounds into Pennsylvania, where we meet Albright, Schuylkill and Villanova, on successive days in the latter part of May.

### CAPTAIN CHOSEN FOR BASKETBALL SQUAD

At a meeting of the letter-men of the basketball squad Clarence Rodgers, varsity center for the past two seasons, was chosen captain for the year '28. In the first ballot, Captain Dudley and Rodgers each polled four votes, but the second ballot gave Rodgers the captaincy by a five to three vote.

Letters were awarded to Captain-elect Rodgers, Captain Dudley, Twardowicz, Liston, Monahan, Bunting, Child, and Manager Bowserox.

### With the Wit

"What's the matter with you?"  
"Eyes tired."  
"Such terrible grammar! You should say 'I am tired'."

Prof.: "What is the commonest conductor of electricity?"  
Stude: "Why-er-er!"  
Prof.: "Correct."

Sue: "What did you do to that dentist when he got fresh with you?"

Ethel: "I gave him a good paste in the mouth."

The three R's of matrimony: Romance, Rice, Rocks.

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## EXCHANGE EXCERPTS

**Cathal O'Bryne, Noted Irish Poet, Delivers Very Interesting Talk at New Orleans**

Cathal O'Bryne, noted Irish poet and lecturer, addressed a large audience in Marquette Auditorium of Loyola University a few days ago. Mr. O'Bryne is in New Orleans as the guest of Mrs. Stanley Thomas.

During the course of his visit to New Orleans the famous Irish bard has disclosed some exceedingly peculiar facts about his native land. For instance he will tell you that green is not the traditional Irish color we Americans have so long imagined it to be. Nor is Patrick an Irish name. Neither is Bridget. Most of the sentimental ballads the American people fondly cherish as peculiar to the land of the lyre were written in New York's Tin Pan Alley by composers whose ancestors certainly never saw Ireland though it is quite possible that they were familiar with Palestine. After exploding these and many similar theories regarding Ireland and Irish customs, the poet spoke at some length on Irish folk lore, the customs and habits of his people, and on poetry and literature in general.

—*"The Maroon."*

**Students of Princeton University Object**

The students of Princeton University seem to think that the matter of the so-called "College Movie" has gone quite far enough. They have sent a written record of their complaints against such productions to several of the Hollywood producers and uniting with Harvard and Yale have requested that such blatant misrepresentations of university life be discontinued in the future.—*"The Tower."*

**Father Mahony Discovers New Import in Locke. Finds He Was an Idealist and Forbear of Immanuel Kant**

Father Mahony's scholarly paper, entitled "Intimations of Kant in the Philosophy of Locke," which he read before the American Catholic Philosophical Association at its third annual meeting, held at Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass., December 27-27 of last year, has been published in the March issue of *Thought*, the Jesuit quarterly magazine.

The contribution which this essay makes to the study of modern philosophy is very original and should prove quite important. Father Mahony advances the proposition, that Locke suggestively anticipated and hatched in embryo that very feature of the German's philosophy which has been held without question to be uniquely Kantian, — the famous a-priori forms.

—*"The Fordham Ram."*

**Boston College Gets New Library**

The new students' library of Boston College opened up in its enlarged quarters in the New Library Building. The building is not complete as yet by any means and until every little detail in its construction is finished the temporary reading room will be found in the basement next to the stack room.

The Congressional system of filing has been installed and this is recognized as one of the most practical and efficient systems ever adopted.

—*"The Height."*

**PARROT PRATTLE**

Hath music too joined the ghosts of Loyola past? And up the chimney too, at that. Poor piano!

**Sophomores Remember Classmate**

At the close of the Novena of Grace, the members of the Sophomore Class attended Mass in the Chapel of Saint Francis Xavier, and received Holy Communion for the recovery of their friend and classmate, Thomas Law.

Tom cannot at present receive visitors, but he would appreciate a letter now and then from his old friends.

**PENITENTIARY VISIT**

*Continued from Page 1, Col. 3*

Warden Martin of the Jail was a most interested host. He met us as we were about to go into the engine room. To the delight of many he explained the working of a new switchboard recently installed, and a little later explained the charts showing the daily record of the electric plant.

An hour and three-quarters after entering the Penitentiary, the group, carefully counted, left the City Jail, a little more impressed with the meaning of retribution, and a little more appreciative of their freedom.

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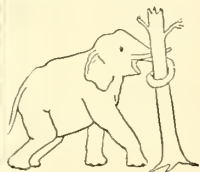
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Little Tobin went to class,  
Depending on a "pony";  
He cribbed the wrong things in the test,  
For the doggone "horse" was phoney.

—*"The Mountain Echo."*

"I say, what is the best thing to give a girl for her birthday?"  
"The air, old fellow, the air."

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## TALK UP

The



## THE PROM

Vol. 1, No. 11

BALTIMORE, MD., APRIL 16, 1928

Loyola College

## CAMPUS CLIPPINGS

J. A. M.

At various times during the year, there have appeared in the GREYHOUND articles concerning the progress of Tom Law, and also the little remembrances always being performed by the Sophomore Class—his Class, for he was president. Well,—they shall appear no more. Tom belongs to former days.

A chap who had not known Tom was heard to remark, "Say, Tom Law must have been a great fellow." Exactly: for to be loved and respected by everyone, regardless of the many conflicting personalities and individual points of view, is an accomplishment that serves as the highest possible commendation to be paid anyone.

To say the least, we are not at all pleased with the turnout for the Oratorical Contest. One would have thought it was meant to be some sort of an exclusive affair, judging from the numbers who were present.

Well, Grogan has added to his list of accomplishments. Lenten productions and lectures scheduled him for a busy time as captain and manager of the all-Maryland Ushering Team.

Talk up the Prom. It is going to be among the biggest things in town. REMEMBER an invitation is necessary for admittance.

O, what a sigh was there! They tell us the work on the Annual is finished: hence the sigh of relief. But that is the work of a few. We have visions of students upon students, sweating their best to scrape together the subscription price. Now works the throng.

The Sophs and Freshies are at it again. This time it is a battle of words. May the best speakers win!

If we had a society column, we might append such things as "Mr. James Kavanagh of Senior spent the Easter holidays on the Eastern Shore." But we haven't the column, so what can be done about it?

Here's to Hap Enright, who knows how to handle a baseball team. Coach Hap did enough in his opener to send his hopes for the rest of the season sky high.

## LOYOLA GRADUATE CONSECRATED BISHOP

Cathedral Thronged at Ceremony

On Thursday, March 29th, the Right Reverend John M. McNamara, pastor of Saint Gabriel's Church, Washington, D. C., was consecrated Auxiliary Bishop of Baltimore.

The old Cathedral looked down on a struggling mass of people of all denominations and creeds, and viewed scenes of pomp and splendor. The ceremony of consecration was opened with a stately procession of the clergy around the Cathedral grounds to the main door, and up to the sanctuary. Priests and dignitaries from all over the country had assembled for the occasion. The plain garb of black and of white contrasted strikingly with the red robes of the bishops and the brown cowls of the monks.

The Bishop-elect had for his chaplains the Rev. Robert J. Achstetter, and the Rev. William A. Toolen, both old friends and companions of his. Archbishop Curley was the consecrator, and he was assisted by the Rev. John F. Fenlon, S. S., President of St. Mary's Seminary, and the Rev. Michael J. Purtell, S. J., who were former teachers of Bishop McNamara.

On the steps of the great altar the ceremony of consecration took place amid hundreds of priests, parishioners and friends of the new Bishop. The Papal bulls were then read; the newly consecrated was questioned in the doctrines of his Catholic faith; the miter and the ring were presented, and he vowed his allegiance and obedience to his superior, Archbishop Curley.

The Litany of the Saints was chanted by the Seminarians, after which the sermon was preached by the Rev. Eugene J. Connelly. Father Connelly took for his text, "The Apostolicity of the Church."

## ANNUAL GOES TO PRESS

All that is left to do now is to wait,—that is, with regard to the Annual, the Green and Gray. It was given over to the printers last week, after a few faithful workers had spent their Easter holidays on the final preparations.

The success of the Annual is due in great part to Brindley Mills, Business Manager, to whose credit goes the greatest number of signed ad contracts. R. Sanchez Boone of Freshman, and Edward O'Brien of Senior were worthy assistants in this work.

There is still chance to pay on your subscription, the Business Staff having granted an extension of time for that purpose. Don't lose this chance of having a record of your college year of 1927-1928.

## Juniors Plan Big Prom

The Junior Class is head over heels in work, and with the Prom less than a month away every one is pushed to the utmost to discharge his respective duties. Hugh Meade, the generalissimo of the Prom, is attending so many meetings nowadays the impression has been created that he has discovered the principle of perpetual motion. Bob Slingluff is busy ascertaining just what the young ladies would like to have for favors. Moco Gould and his cohorts are struggling with the problem of decorating the gym. Joe Blair is heading the music committee and—well, more about that later. Sybert and his gang will see to it that you get one of those much-sought after invitations. The patroness committee has a good leader in Frank Mace, while Grogan and Moran are conducting, respectively, the matters of finance and publicity.

When the music committee start their sleeve shaking the student body is going to show more interest and enthusiasm than that caused by the pool tournament and it will be no time before it will be a case of "The Whole Town's Talking."

The name of the orchestra cannot be revealed just now for various reasons; sufficient to say the quality is unsurpassed. It is only through a succession of unusual circumstances that makes it possible for us to offer to the student body and their friends something in the musical world that has heretofore been something we were satisfied to hear over the radio or enjoy as an attraction at a local theater.

## DEBATING SOCIETIES BUSY AT WORK

Challenges right and left, and accepted, too, were the last word before Easter recess. The Sophomores decided to come into prominence as Debaters, and with, perhaps, a bit of antagonism still left in their spirits, they challenged the Freshmen to a test of forensic skill. The Freshies bravely accepted, and intend to pop the question, as is their conceded privilege.

The Freshmen are prepared for double duty. They have accepted a challenge from the Freshman Debating Society of Fordham, and they are most anxious to make the affair a memorable one. They are playing hosts to the northern team. The date has not been definitely settled, but is reported to be sometime in the immediate future.

## ALUMNI REPRESENTATIVES TO ATTEND CONVENTION

Mr. Isaac S. George, prominent Alumnus, has been chosen delegate to the National Catholic Alumni Federation, which organization our Alumni body joined early this year. Two alternates from New York have also been appointed, namely, Rev. Edward J. Hanrahan, S. J., A. B., '12, and Mr. Robert C. Norman, ex-'17. Father Hanrahan is now teaching at Fordham, and Mr. Norman is engaged in the banking business in New York City.

The meetings of the Federation are being held this week at the Hotel Waldorf-Astoria in New York City. At the Saturday sessions there will be presentation and discussion of methods of organizing and conducting Alumni work. Some of the best experts of the country will be present to address the assembly. These meetings are more or less open to the public; a cordial welcome is extended to all Alumni to attend. Of the 77 Catholic institutions in the country, 44 are expected to be represented at this Convention.

Father Ziegler, Faculty Moderator of the Loyola Alumni Association, may attend the sessions.

## Oratorical Contest Won by Senior

Elimination of speakers to decide the Loyola representative in the district eliminations for the National Oratorical Contest, was made to serve a double purpose, when the contest was held on Friday evening, the 30th of March, in the Science building. The winning speaker was to become the recipient of the Lee gold medal for oratory. Adolph M. Wasilifsky of Senior was the fortunate contender.

The judges of this occasion were Rev. Father Wiesel, S. J., Vice-rector of the college; Rev. F. McQuade, S. J., of Woodstock, and Mr. Preston McNeal, an alumnus of Loyola.

The speakers appeared in the following order: Mr. Wasilifsky, speaking on the Constitution; Mr. Wills of Sophomore, speaking on Lincoln and the Constitution; Mr. Cannon of Freshman, Hamilton and the Constitution; Mr. Sybert of Junior, Jefferson and the Constitution; Mr. O'Brien of Senior, the Constitution; Mr. Mayer of Freshman, Hamilton and the Constitution.

A string trio, composed of Mr. William Ruzicka, Mr. Kenneth Baur, and Mr. Meyer presented an excellent program of chamber music, which won general approbation.

## HISTORY CLUB REORGANIZES

Shortly before the beginning of the Easter vacation, the John Gilmary Shea History Club was reorganized, and thus was saved from an untimely passing another of our younger institutions. Mr. Ryan, who established the club a year ago, continues as Moderator. The officers are as follows: Joseph F. Danaher, President; Joseph A. Moran, Vice-President; Thomas J. Grogan, Corresponding Secretary; Frank Roberto, Recording Secretary; Stanley Ciesielski, Treasurer.



## The Greyhound

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Vol. 1

APRIL 16, 1928

No. 11

### Question No. 1

Why is it that such thriving cities as Baltimore, New York et al, have such narrow business thoroughfares just where the most business is being done? Why that is just why so much business is done. As for the fact itself, the contractor is not to blame: he wasn't skimping on width to be philanthropic on length; the business men are not to blame: they might prefer to welcome more sunshine and air; you yourself are to blame, because human nature has made you such a lazy individual that when something catches your eye on one side of the street, and your eyes are as a matter of fact on the other side of the street, it takes more than a wish to bring eyes and pocketbook in close contact with these trinkets, that in themselves do not mean so much, but are mighty satisfiers of whims. To overcome your prejudice against going a long way for a little bit of nothing—business streets are narrow.

Now lest we seem to be talking up dry economics, and the freaks of the trade, let it be said that this is merely by way of example to emphasize how lazy we can be. And the implication is: Don't let spring fever send you to the land of day dreams while the work keeps piling up. It is easy enough to wish things done, but most often you've got to cross the streets of self exertion if you are going to accomplish anything; and oftentimes those streets have not been made conveniently narrow.

### Dear Ones

Isn't it strange how often it is the small things in life which strike us most forcibly? This was brought home to me very clearly just a short while ago.

Father Ayd was taking the Sociology class through the Maryland State Penitentiary. We had been admitted to the cold, grey building and the strong barred doors had closed behind us. Past tier after tier of human cages we walked with steady tread. The kitchen, the foundry, the printshop, even the trap-door of the scaffold—with its jaws ready to open and devour another human

life—told us the story of what is called a great penal institution. Everywhere there were eyes. Eyes that stared at us with amusement; eyes too that glared at us. Eyes of murderers and of robbers. Always eyes—watching, watching, watching. At last our visit was drawing to an end and we were almost ready to step out into the bright sunshine and fresh air again, when my attention was drawn to a desk where a man sat opening letter after letter; reading them and placing his approval upon their contents by means of a small seal. So this was where the prisoners' mail was censored! Almost unconsciously, my eyes followed the letter which was then being opened. I glanced at the beginning and at the ending. Just six words met my gaze—but six words that will be firmly imprinted upon my spirit's memory long after the stone walls of the prison have fallen and crumbled to dust. At the beginning, written with pencil, each word traced with quivering hand on the cheap, white paper, was the salutation, "My darling boy." At the bottom, just three more words—"Your loving mother."

Somewhere out in the world, there is a poor old "loving mother," and somewhere in that prison—behind thick steel bars—guilty, perhaps, of murder, is her "darling boy." And then I wondered, as I walked once more in the sunlight of a glorious spring afternoon, can any man—murderer or saint—ever be very bad when in the eyes of a "loving mother," he knows that no matter what the world thinks he is, to that lonesome sufferer, he is her "darling boy."

### PRIZE ESSAYS

The bulletins posted on the board you have not always with you, but it may chance that you have THE GREYHOUND with you, in some way or other, always. Hence we recall to your memories the subjects for the prize essays:

The Dream of Gerontius, by John Henry Newman,

and

The Ark and the Dove.

All manuscripts must be submitted to the Dean by May 7th.

### The Small College

It is the dream of youth's rosiest dreams to imagine himself entering the extensive grounds of a large university. Oftentimes the reality of his entering college is staged at the entrance to some small college or other.

His disappointment invariably soon disappears, for he finds that he stands better chances in many ways than he might have had at larger institutions. For instance, he goes out for football; not the world's greatest center by a long shot, but fair enough. What might have been his chance of being carried on the squad at a college where a score of men are trying for the same position? His chances are far greater at the smaller institution. He gets the physical training that he might have missed elsewhere. Furthermore, his chances of becoming a leader in his line of sports are greater. To be first is as pleasing to the man in a little place as it is to the man in a large place. "Better be first in a little Iberian village than second in Rome," said Caesar; and Longfellow added, "And I think he was right when he said it."

But the big feature, and that nearer the real purpose of a college, is that a small college makes it possible for the student to keep in more direct communication with his professors. He could see them, talk with them, more frequently than he might in a large institution. Everywhere he turns he meets up with a professor, because the entire college community is small. Thus is closer acquaintance established between student body and faculty: the same one professor may deal with a man as debate moderator, basketball director, professor of biology, so getting to know the chap from various points of view. Who will deny that the better a professor knows a man the better his position in helping the man?

There is throughout more the note of intimacy, which makes the chap of reticent nature more at home, and gives the good mixer an easy time of making the most out of his associations.

### Private Life of Hecuba

Translations give the toiler at the thankless job very little chance to express himself in his work. One of our literateurs, however, Philip B. Smith, of Freshman, determined to translate—absolutely without a "trot"—and express not the original author, but himself. Hence the accompanying article, which is the first of a series of installments, is truly in the style of Smith; and further it presents a "Hecuba" that is original in the highest sense of the word. On with the play!

#### HECUBA

A Play in One Act, with a Prologue and Several Spasms more or less Literally Translated from the Greek of Euripides.

#### PROLOGUE

(Enter phantom of Polydorus, accompanied by an odor of brimstone. He wanders aimlessly about, gawking at the alleged pictures and Listerine ads on the scenery. Finally, recollecting the only excuse he has for being in the play, he begins his monologue, punctuating his remarks with hand-springs and

*Continued on Page 3, Col. 1*

## THE BOOKWORM

By J. A. K., '29

If there ever is a good sign that another year has passed, it is the fact that another O. Henry Memorial Award has come to hand. The fifteen best short stories of the year are selected by that profound organization—The Society of Arts and Sciences and compiled into a volume of what might well be said the most colorful gems of American short-stories.

There is always a certain amount of personal gratification to be had when one reads an O. Henry story. He knows that its ending will always have a clever turn to it that he would not expect.

The book has a fine introduction by Blanche Colton Williams, an able writer who has before had the privilege of prefixing an article of resumé. The point most stressed in her present introduction is that of the fifteen stories, four of them are about the American negro.

The contents of the book are as follows: Child of God, by Roark Bradford; The Killers, by Ernest Hemingway; The Scarlet Woman, by L. Brömfield; Jukes, by Bill Adams; Fear, by J. W. Bellah; Night Club, by Katherine Brush; Singing Woman, by A. J. Carver; With Glory and Honor, by E. C. Chapman; Bulldog, by Roger Daniels; He Man, by M. S. Douglas; Done Got Over, by Alma and Paul Eberle; Monkey Motions, by E. M. Kelly; Four Dreams of Gram Perkins, by Ruth Sawyer; The Little Girl from Town, by Ruth Suckow; Shades of George Sand, by E. duPont Taylor.

The anthology as a whole is good, interesting and well diversified. However, no story really stands out, as a best one of the lot. Good reading, all of them. O. Henry has proved himself to be a philanthropist of literature.

This is from the inside: Traveling across war-torn Europe with a fortune in cash in her bag, Mary Boyle O'Reilly, author of "The Black Fan," was one of the first war correspondents to reach the battlefields from America. Because of the uncertainty as to the value of letters of credit in those times, Miss O'Reilly was given \$50,000 in cash for her expenses in travelling among the combatting forces during the war. During this trip she learned some of the stirring events leading up to the assassination of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, which she has incorporated in "The Black Fan," published this month. Miss O'Reilly is a daughter of the historic Irish patriot and poet, John Boyle O'Reilly.

### Do You Know That?

Juggernaut means Lord of the World? It is the name of a celebrated temple in India, being the most famous place of pilgrimage in Hindoostan. In this temple is an image gorgeously decorated, which is drawn by people on festal days upon a car. The old belief is that while this car was moving along the crowded street numbers of devout worshippers would throw themselves upon the ground in order to be crushed by the wheels, as an act of sacrifice to the idol deity.

\* \* \*

Athlone is called the heart of Ireland? It is situated at almost the exact geographical centre of the island.



## SPORTS



## Our New Coach

By the Sports' Feature Writer of  
the Boston Herald

"Tony" Comerford, whom Frank Cavanaugh called the smartest end he ever coached, ought to be a real success in his new coaching tasks at Loyola College in Baltimore. He has the qualifications to go far, because he has always been a student of the game from the time he chased footballs for the gridiron teams at Holy Cross, until he led a great Boston College group as captain back in 1925.

Comerford, you know, is a Worcester, Massachusetts, boy. Holy Cross is in Worcester. It would have been natural therefore to expect "Tony" to matriculate at Holy Cross, after his sensational athletic career at Worcester Classical High. Frank Cavanaugh, also a Worcesterite, knew "Tony" and knew his folks, so that it was not long before the "douty" Major induced him to make his college studies at Boston College. Comerford did, much to the chagrin of Holy Cross and many another Boston College rival.

He came to Boston College in the fall of 1922 and made the grade to play end on the team with Luke Urban, perhaps the greatest group ever gathered on a football field in the East. Comerford and Urban were the ends on the team that laced Yale and every other opponent that year, finding a well merited reward in the approbation of the Veteran Athletes' Association of Philadelphia, which named the team, the leading college group in the East. It was Boston College's best team by far.

Comerford had a wonderful year, and Cavanaugh ranked him alongside of Urban. For three more years Comerford played on gaining in fame and power until in his senior year he was named captain of the Maroon and Gold team.

He also starred in baseball and was rated the heaviest hitter in the outfit that gave Holy Cross

its one setback in half a century of baseball history with Boston College. He played much independent baseball around Boston and while doing this met the famous "Chuck" Darling and induced the Western lad to make Boston College his Alma Mater. Darling and Comerford became much like the Urban-Comerford combination.

Cavanaugh believed so much in Comerford's ability, that after graduation he made him assistant coach at Boston College, and when Frank moved on to Fordham, he brought "Tony" with him. There Comerford coached that unbeaten Freshman team, that is Fordham's hope for the coming year. A great player and a great coach, Loyola is most fortunate in her choice.

FRESHMAN TRACK TEAM  
IN EMBRYO

No doubt the sight of coatless Freshmen dashing about the Gym, and, more recently, about the track, has caused some to suppose a revival of the Freshman Rules so evident during the Autumn months. But the Freshmen pursue each other voluntarily, and under no compulsion other than the urge to accomplish something. Shades of Palewicz!—do you remember him?

As yet, only the sprint and distance aspirants are out, but warmer weather will soon coax the fieldmen into the open, and they will add their own peculiar brand of cavorting to the antics already displayed.

T. Carroll Norris has been elected to lead the knights of the cinder path, and Charles E. Endres (Paavo) will arrange a schedule.

Encounters with high school teams of Baltimore and some college Frosh teams are visualized.

Endres, Phil Smith, Hooper, Dunnigan, and Norris will care for the distance, and Butler, Sanders, McCormick and Cameron the sprints. Our field athletes include Green, Sadusk, Rodowskas and Stack. Such a team we feel sure will go far. The Greyhound pups are out of their kennels!

## Hecuba

Continued from Page 2, Col. 3  
fancy steps on the slack-wire.)  
Polydorus (Rapidly):

Folks, I'm a ghost. A real ghost. The only genuine ghost in Asia Minor today. Born in Troy twenty-two years ago. Lived among the wild savages of Persia for many years as a captive. Finally escaped and worked with Barnum and Bailey. I have—but no, that's the wrong spiel. Pardon me, friends, the fat man over there is munching roasted peanuts and the aroma made me think I was back under the big top as Barnum's star ghost. I'll do better now.

My father, Priam, was king of Troy, the home of Arrow Collars. Well, to make a short story long—as all modern writers do—One night the 'phone rings and A. J. Menelaus, a big Greek Capitalist, orders a size 14 cellar-door collar. "I'll send it right over," says Pop. And he did, C. O. D. Next morn-

ink we find one choleric (no, not collaric) capitalist encamped outside the gate. With him is an army dressed, both of them, in kilts and armed with can-openers. Says Pop, "What's up?" Says the Greek in an ominously oily voice, "My friend, I ordered a 14 collar; this is a horse collar. You ruined my evening. I had to order chicken salad again! So now I am going to stretch your neck to fit this collar, after which I shall collar your treasury."

"On your way, Sap, or I'll smack your trap!" said Pop, who fancied his own poetry.

"Beware, knave, I've dug your grave!" retorted Menelaus, who was also burnt by the divine fire. (You know he was redheaded.)

Well, anyhow, Troy was besieged and Popper Priam, to safeguard the family fortunes, sent me with our reliable recipe for mintless mint juleps, and all our shekels to friend of his, one Jack Polymestor, in Thrace.

This Polymestor, I thought, was a droll fellow, until Troy fell, and then, just to get those few shekels of ours, he slew me. How? O, he punched me off a Hellespont ferryboat and all the yokels thought I was Lord Byron. And to climax matters, when I invoked Neptune & Co., saying, "O Poseidon, truly hast thou remarked, I am all wet, but, I entreat thee, wash me back!" Polymestor, butting in shouted, "Wash it yourself!" Alas!

And that isn't all. Polyxena, one of my twenty-seven sisters, is to be sacrificed today to Achilles, a big-hearted, no, big-headed Achaean, for some grudge he is nursing. And Hecuba, my mother, is a servant of the Greeks. Alas! misfortunes crowd us worse than fertilizer-factory workers crowd the Subways' flat-wheelers during the rush hour. But look! There's my mother now, she doesn't know I'm dead.

(Enter Hecuba, becomingly attired as a laundress.)

Too bad she's a servant, but she made me do the dishes more than once back in Troy. And we had some dishes for fifty-two of us, not counting company.

Well, friends, I must get back to my shovel, or that nasty little Ther-sites will report me to Zeus!

(Exit Polydorus.)

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## EXCHANGE EXCERPTS

## Noted Novelist Lectures at St. Ignatius College, Cal.

The students at St. Ignatius College, San Francisco, had the extreme pleasure of listening to an interesting lecture given by Peter B. Kyne, famous California novelist.

Mr. Kyne, talking on "This Writing Business," related many amusing and characteristic anecdotes connected with his career as a writer, gave advice to young writers, and informed the audience just what is his aim in literature. Mr. Kyne gave his address under the auspices of the Kappa Lambda Sigma, honor literary fraternity of the College.—*The Ignatian.*

## Pope Pius Honors Catholic U's Rector

Word has lately been received from Rome that the Right Reverend Bishop Shahan, Rector of the Catholic University, has been raised to the dignity of Bishop Assistant at the Pontifical Throne in recognition of his services to the Church and the Holy See. This title is an honorary one given to bishops only, which confers on those holding it the rank and title of Count of the Apostolic Palace and certain privileges while they are in Rome. They have the right of attending the person of the Sovereign Pontiff at papal chapels and other pontifical functions. They may wear episcopal robes of a distinctive material while in Rome and in that city rank immediately after cardinals. Very few American Prelates enjoy the privileges of this Title.—*The Tower.*

## Comerford, McNamara to Coach at Loyola

Two of last Fall's assistant football coaches will not be on hand when Major Cavanaugh calls out his gridiron candidates at the end of next summer. Both Tony Comerford and John "Dinny" McNamara, mentors of the great freshman eleven of last season, have signed contracts with Loyola College at Baltimore, and will act as head coach and assistant, respectively.

Major Cavanaugh has not as yet named their successors, but he is expected to do so shortly. Fordham suffers a distinct loss in the decision of these two fine young coaches to seek their careers elsewhere. *The Ram* wishes to take this opportunity to congratulate both Comerford and McNamara and wish them many highly successful seasons.—*The Fordham Ram.*

Hanson: What is the difference between a man who has seen Niagara Falls and one who has not?

Dooley: Go on, what is it?

Hanson: Well, one has seen the mist and the other has missed the scene.—*The Campionette.*

We are indeed pleased to welcome to this column our new found friend, *The Springhillian*, a monthly published by the students of Spring Hill College, Ala.

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## FATHER AYD ARRANGES SECOND TOUR

Under the guidance of Father Ayd, Dean and Professor of Sociology, a score of future psychiatrists, visited Spring Grove Hospital, on Wednesday, April 4th. The visit was in many ways a most impressing lesson, one that left the students on tour with a more sympathetic view of the unfortunate among us.

Doctor Robert Garrett, Superintendent of the institution, conducted the tour. He was a most obliging and keenly interested host. The students deeply appreciated his solicitude.

## SOPHOMORES MOURN LOSS OF FORMER PRESIDENT

The mass of sorrow solemnized by the Rev. Father Russell, with Father Winters as deacon, and Richard C. Law, S. J., a brother of the deceased, as sub-deacon, was one of deep concern and regret to the Sophomores. Tom Law, so well thought of by the entire student body, was laid to rest, Saturday, March 31st.

Many of Tom's former teachers attended the Mass. To mention a few, Messrs. Bona, McFadden, McNally, Phelan, and Hern, all of the Society of Jesus.

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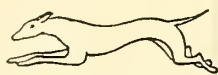


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Likewise his warmest friends of the College Faculty were present: Rev. Father Wiesel, S. J., Father Risacher and Father Geoghan. Many of the students were there to show devotion to their former classmate.

The thought that creeps into our hearts as we write of this sad occasion is one from the Scriptures, "He looked upon the young man, and loved him."

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